LIBERTY AND PROPERTY

PRESERVED AGAINST

REPUBLICANS AND LEVELLERS.

A COLLECTION OF TRACTS.

NUMBER I.

CONTAINING,

One Penny-worth of Truth.—Ten Minutes Caution.
---And a Country Curate's Advice, &c.

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ONE PENNY-WORTH OF TRUTH

FROM

THOMAS BULL, TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

DEAR BROTHER,

THERE has always been such a good understanding between us, that you and I can speak our minds freely to one another. Our father, you know, always maintained the character of a blunt, honest, sensible man; and our mother was as good a sort of woman as ever lived. They gave us the best teaching they could afford, and the neighbours have never counted us fools. But some people are taking great pains to make us so, and rogues into the bargain. They have tried their skill upon me, and so they will upon you; but I write you this letter to give you warning, that you may look to yourself. For it seems, John, you and I are now to learn every thing from those conceited monkeys the French. Nobody knows any thing now but they, and some Englishmen at home, who hate this country as bad as the French do. With talking about Right and Equality, and Constitution and Organization, and such like, they made my head turn round; but I see now pretty well what they mean.

They begin with telling us *all Mankind are equal*; but that's

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that's a lie, John; for the Children are not equal to the Mother, nor the Mother to the Father; unleſs where there is *Petticoat Government*; and ſuch Families never go on well: the Children are often ſpoiled, and the Huſband brought to a gaol. But I ſay People are not equal. The Clerk is not equal to the Parſon; the Footman is not equal to the 'Squire; the thief at the Bar is not equal to the Judge upon the Bench. If it were as they ſay, then the Clerk might get up into the Pulpit; the Footman might ſit at the top of the table; the Thief might take his place upon the Bench and try the Judge; and the Coachman might get into the coach and ſet his Maſter upon the box; who, not knowing how to drive, 'tis ten to one but he overturns him. Pretty work we ſhould have with their Equality! But let us have patience, and go on with them.

You and I were taught that God governs the World, and that nobody has any power in it but ſuch as he gives them: *there is no Power but of God*; and our Saviour allowed it even in Pontius Pilate, the Roman Judge. But you are to believe now out of the *French Bible*, that all Power is of the People, that is, of *you* and *I*, Thomas and John Bull. But if the People in any great national queſtion of difficulty, which is very poſſible, ſhould be divided into two halves, who are the People then John? They that lay hold of a ſword firſt, and get to be ſtrongeſt, will always call themſelves the People, and the reſt muſt go to be hanged or loſe their heads. If you and I ſhould quarrel about our Rights, and there were no Law above us, then there's *People Thomas* againſt *People John*, and we muſt ſettle it by a Civil War; for when there's no Law, there's nothing left but the ſword or the halter to ſettle all differences: ſo I muſt cut your throat or you muſt cut mine. This is what always comes of the Power of the People, as it is now in France; where all queſtions have been carried by cutting off heads and hanging people upon lamp-irons; and then, you know, they that are hanged can give no vote, and they that are left are all of a mind. But, however, they are as far off from being ſettled now as they were four years ago; and one of their new Kings (*Marat*) ſaid, they muſt have *two hundred and eighty thouſand more heads off* before they ſhould be right.

Now for their wiſe Notions about *Government*. As all Power is in the People, they ſay there can be no lawful Government but what the People make. When all Power is taken from thoſe who are now entitled to it by Law, and put into the hands of the Mob armed with pikes and daggers, that's a *Conſtitution*, John. Then out of this, the ſaid Mob raiſes what they call *Organs* and *Functions*, and makes a Government; but

but they have been at it in France for four years, and though they have worked very hard ſome time, they have hardly got to the beginning yet. And now have you not ſeen enough to ſee what a fine contrivance this is for plundering every Gentleman of his Property, his Houſe, his Land, his Goods, and his Money, under a pretence that every thing belongs to the *Nation?* And it holds as well, or better, againſt Churches than againſt private Houſes. They tell you farther, that no Man has a Right to any thing but what he *earns himſelf:* ſo if you and I, *John* and *Thomas Bull*, work ever ſo hard, and leave what we have to bring up our Children in the World, they will have no Right to it, becauſe they did not earn it themſelves. This notion cuts off all Right of *Inheritance*, which is the moſt ſacred upon earth, and without which it would not be worth while either to work or live; for the *Nation* may meet, make a new Governmeat, and take it all away at a ſtroke. I'll tell you a ſtory: Some while ago a Highwayman met with his death upon the road for demanding a Gentleman's money: "That fellow," ſaid a Wag, "was a good *Patriot*; who, "ſuppoſing the Gentleman might have more money in "his pocket than he *had earned*, diſcovered that it was "the property of the Nation; ſo, making *himſelf* the Nation, "he only demanded his own property. But the Gentleman "being rather too quick for him, ſhot the Nation through the "head, and ſpoiled the new principles of Government." This was bad luck; that man might have lived to have given us a continuation of *Thomas Paine*. And now, John, I'll tell thee plainly, this new notion of Government from the mob, is the fooliſheſt, as well as the moſt raſcally, that ever entered into the world: and the very People that have raiſed themſelves to Power and plunder by it, will be fools enough to deny it. They will be telling us preſently how God has fought for the French againſt the Pruſſians and Auſtrians; while they don't believe there's a God in the world.

Let us hear next what they have to ſay about Kings. We are ſhortly to have no more of them, neither *below* nor *above*; *Tom Paine* having been heard to declare, that when he had made revolutions againſt the Kings upon Earth, he would try his hand at a *Revolution in Heaven!* You ſee, John, who they are that talk againſt Kings: they never fail to talk againſt God Almighty; and in ſuch words as the Devils of Hell dare not utter! When they pretend to argue with us, they tell us all Kings are bad; that God never made a King; and that all Kings are very expenſive. But, that all Kings are bad cannot be true; becauſe God himſelf is one of them; he calls himſelf

King of Kings; which not only ſhews us he is a King, but that he has *other Kings under him:* he is never called *King of Republics.* The Scripture calls Kings, *the Lord's Anointed*; but who ever heard of an anointed Republic? There are now, Brother John, many thouſands of Frenchmen, who have taken to themſelves that Power which belonged to their King; where ſhall we get oil enough to anoint them all? And what would they be when we had done? They would not be the Lord's Anointed; they would be the *Mob's Anointed*; and there is little doubt but that, proud as they are at preſent, ſomebody will *'noint* them well at laſt.

That God never made a King, is a great lye; when we hear him telling us in his own words—*Yet have I ſet my King upon my holy Hill of Sion!* Did not our Saviour ſay he was *King of the Jews?* and was not he crucified for ſaying ſo? The Jews who crucified him have never had a King of their own from that day to this: not becauſe they diſlike a King, but becauſe they are not good enough to have one. They are the only nation upon earth that ever were or ever will be in a ſtate of Equality; and it has been a great and mighty work of God to make them ſo. No power can make men equals, but that which makes men Kings. And what ſhall we get by it? We ſhould be juſt where the Jews are; a proverb to all Nations; a monument of the Divine wrath; and a diſgrace to the world.

That Kings are very expenſive things may be true, Brother John; but if Kings keep us from ſuch miſeries as the *want of a King* has produced in France, they deſerve to be well maintained, let them be who they will. When there is *no King*, then every man *does that which is right in his own eyes*; and mind, John, not in the eyes of *any body elſe*; and you may ſee in your Bible, how people were given up to ſodomy and murder, and how ſixty-five thouſand of them preſently fell in battle becauſe there was nobody at that time ſet over them. Look about you, like a man of ſenſe, and you will ſoon ſee that bad Subjects coſt more money than good Kings. Our National Debt, for which we are now paying ſuch heavy taxes, was doubled by the troubles in *America.* Yet thoſe people who fomented and brought thoſe burdens upon us, are they that rail moſt at the expenſiveneſs of our Government, and uſe it as a handle for overturning it; juſt like the Devil, who drives men into ſin, and then gets them damned for it if he can: and then he is pleaſed, becauſe he delights to be the author of *Miſery*; that is his *Greatneſs*; and ſome people have no notion of any *other*: ſo they maſſacre poor Prieſts; rob and plunder their

Country

Country and their Church; put Kings and Queens in Priſon; and then ſing *Ca Ira*, for joy that *Hell is broke looſe!*

I have nothing more to ſay (till my next Letter) but that the Government which is moſt wicked, be the form of it what it will, is generally the weakeſt in itſelf, and the moſt expenſive to the people: and ſo, after all that can be ſaid, *Honeſty is the beſt Policy*, and the *Honeſt* man is the beſt *Subject*. Keep this in your mind, Brother John; and farewell.

From your loving Brother,

THOMAS BULL.

P. S. Perhaps they may tell thee, John, that thou haſt Nothing to loſe, and that any change may be to thy advantage; but thou haſt a *Body* and *Soul*; and if the Body goes to the Gallows, and thy Soul to the Devil, won't that be a *Loſs*, John?

TEN MINUTES CAUTION,

FROM

A PLAIN MAN TO HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS.

IT is in general of very little importance to the reader to know who, or what ſort of perſon, the writer of any thing is. But to you, fellow Citizens, I think it is material to conſider who the men are whoſe writings on public matters are recommended to your peruſal. In this view you will permit me to tell you ſomething of myſelf. Firſt, then, I will tell you who I am not. I am not a Foreigner, who would gratify reſentment as well as pride by throwing this country into confuſion. I am not a deſperate Incendiary, whoſe circumſtances cannot be made worſe by any change, who will take the chance of ſetting the houſe on fire, that he may pilfer the furniture while it is burning. I am not a furious Enthuſiaſt in Religion or Politics, who, under pretence of Toleration in the one, or Liberty in the other, would overturn the eſtabliſhed Church or the eſtabliſhed Conſtitution. I am none of thoſe, my brethren. I am a plain man, a tradeſman, who, having acquired a competency by his honeſt induſtry, is now winding up his buſineſs in order to enjoy that competency in eaſe and quiet, in his old age, in the

midſt of a virtuous family of his own rearing. I know nothing of great Men or Miniſters, and concern myſelf no farther about them than as I think their meaſures are for the intereſt of my country. I care not who ſits at the Helm, provided the Veſſel be well ſteered.—But though I am perfectly independent as to my own circumſtances, yet I am dependent as far as this goes, that the happineſs, or the proſpect of the happineſs, of my Fellow Citizens makes me happy; their unhappineſs, or the fear of their unhappineſs, makes me unhappy.

In this character, and with theſe feelings, I am tempted to uſe my pen, for the firſt time in public, to caution my countrymen againſt the miſchief which ſome men would wiſh to do among you; to beg of you not to endanger the peace and proſperity of yourſelves and your Country to gratify their Malice, their Ambition, or their hopes of Gain.

Conſider, my Friends, at what time, and in what circumſtances, thoſe men would perſuade us to make a change in our ſituation. Would any of us think it prudent, in the way of trade, if our buſineſs were good, our ſhop well frequented, our cuſtomers increaſing, in ſhort every thing about us in a thriving condition, all at once to alter our *Firm*, to change our Agents abroad, to diſmiſs our Clerks and Servants at home, and to tell our cuſtomers that we were to deal with them quite in a different way for the future? Would any of us do this? Or would not our relations take out a commiſſion of lunacy againſt us if we did?—Juſt as madly, my Friends, it appears to me, ſhould we act, if, in the preſent ſituation of our public affairs, we ſhould think of altering that Conſtitution, under which, by the bleſſing of God, we have attained, and enjoy our preſent National Security and Proſperity.

I ſhould be glad to know what advantage we are to get by the Levelling of Ranks, which thoſe writers would perſuade us to wiſh for, by regaining what they call the *Rights of Man*. If they have a mind to go back to the woods again, and live as they ſay men lived in this country two thouſand years ago, let them, in God's name; but I, who am ſitting in a good ſnug parlour with all my family comforts around me, will rather chuſe to keep as I am. If there is to be any ſociety at all, I preſume ſome muſt neceſſarily be richer and more powerful than others: but if thoſe who have little are ſecure of it, I ſay, as I ſaid before, they may be as happy as thoſe who have the moſt. As things are at preſent, I find great advantages in the riches and grandeur of ſome of my countrymen.

men. I have a ſet of wealthy cuſtomers who put a great deal of money into my pocket in the year, whoſe expences, ſuitable to their rank and ſituation in life, enable me to enjoy all the ſolid comforts ſuitable to mine.

I received, ſome time ago, a letter from an old friend and correſpondent at *Mancheſter*, full of hard words, and in a high flown ſtyle, complaining of the extravagance and luxury of Dukes and Lords, who were no better fleſh and blood than he or I, and aſking me to put down my name to a ſet of Reſolutions for correcting that abuſe. I thought at firſt my old friend had been playing upon me, as it was about the *fooling* time of the year; but when I was told that there were ſeriouſly ſuch Reſolutions propoſed at Mancheſter, I wrote a ſerious anſwer. I deſired him to recollect how much of my money had gone through his hands ſince our firſt dealings with one another, and that I believed in my conſcience there was ſcarce a ſingle *Neceſſary* in all our accounts; ſo that if *Luxury* was to be put down, he muſt ſhut up ſhop. I believe my good friend was aſhamed of himſelf, for he anſwered my next order, and ſaid nothing more of the Reſolutions.

The modern Levellers tell us what we are to gain by their plan; but, my Friends, it is neceſſary for us to think what we ſhould looſe by it. Every man in a decent ſituation in life, even if he earns his bread by the ſweat of his brow, has ſomething he can call his own, ſomething he feels comfortable in, and which his way of life has made more ſuitable to him than the fine things of other people in a higher ſphere, which is generally a ſituation of more care than comfort.

Every man who has ſomething to preſerve for himſelf, and too honeſt to encroach on his neighbours, will tremble at the effects of throwing looſe every bond of peace and good order. My *Mancheſter* friends ſome time ago had a taſte of the conſequences in the burning of their cotton mills.—This is a ſtrong inſtance of what are the principles lately attempted to be introduced among us. The truth is, I believe, that if this new ſyſtem was to take place, the effect would be, that the next day all the rich would be ruined, above half the induſtrious would be ſoon put out of employ, and in a little time all the poor would be ſtarved.

We hear a great deal about the *Americans* and the *French*, and the excellent Governments they have eſtabliſhed; and one of the great Apoſtles of the new Doctrines tells us how much we ſhould profit by adopting the like Governments. In the firſt place, I am ſtrongly inclined to ſuſpect the friendſhip of this gentleman's advice. He tells us himſelf,

that he began by doing this country all the harm in his power in favour of America; that he formed the ſcheme, during the war with that country, of coming to England for the purpoſe of broaching his principles; and ſeems to have thought, that if people were mad enough to liſten to him, we ſhould ſoon have been in ſuch a ſituation, that neither America nor any other Country would have had any thing to fear from us.—I am told he has ſince reſided principally in France, where he has probably found new reaſons for making this attempt; and yet this impoſtor now gravely tells you, that this is done from his great regard for your welfare: as far as himſelf is concerned he riſks little, as, by all accounts, he has neither property nor reputation to loſe.

This gentleman tells us we have no conſtitution, and that what we have is wretchedly bad, and that therefore we ſhould overturn it, and get the American or the French Conſtitution as faſt as we can. I do not imagine any of my countrymen know what theſe Americans or French Conſtitutions are; and I confeſs, I hardly think it worth their enquiry, while they are happy under our own. I believe, however, the fact is, that the Americans, after they left us, were under great difficulty how to go on at all. Luckily for them, Mr. Paine was not at hand to preach confuſion; they had ſtill ſome notion left of the Britiſh Conſtitution under which they had ſo long lived, and they had ſenſe enough to conform to it as nearly as they could. As to France, their old Government was bad enough; what it is now, it is difficult to ſay: I am told that, in fact, they have no government at all; and what it will end in, he muſt be very wiſe or very bold that will gueſs.

Mr. Paine tells us we are oppreſſed and ruined by taxes; and he propoſes, if we let him make a new Conſtitution for us, to ſave us a world of expence, by turning adrift all the preſent ſervants of Government, and having only a certain number of officers by whom all the buſineſs of the Nation is to be done. Our taxes (one half of which were laid on to pay the debt of the American war, in which Mr. Paine was ſo active againſt us), to be ſure, are heavy, and I am glad to find that our preſent managers have begun to take off ſome of them; but I don't find we have been ruined even by theſe taxes; on the contrary, we have been thriving apace under the preſent Government. But what is the reaſon we pay theſe expences? Becauſe the buſineſs of a nation, like that of an individual, cannot be done without paying the ſervants it neceſſarily employs. Mr. Paine indeed has made this wonderful diſcovery, that if you have fewer ſervants at leſs wages, it would coſt

you leſs. This may be very true: but if a farmer were to part with his labourers, or a manufacturer with his workmen, under pretence of diminiſhing his expences, and it appeared that he did this without conſidering the extent and manner of cultivating the farm, or the nature and profit of the manufacture, do you think that either would be fooliſh enough to take his advice? If they did, the conſequence would be, that at the end of the year the farmer would be turned out of his bargain for not paying his rent, and the manufacturer would become a bankrupt.

My friends I am no philoſopher, nor fine writer, though I got a tolerable education at the Charter-Houſe, and remember a little of my *grammar* as well as Mr. Paine. But without philoſophy or fine writing, I may venture to beſeech you, not to throw away all the bleſſings you poſſeſs on a wild experiment to find ſomething better, and that too on the authority of people who have an intereſt in miſleading you. For my own part, I am come to an age that cannot look for living long to enjoy our preſent national proſperity; but I have children and grand children; and I cannot bear to think, that folly or wickedneſs ſhould endanger the happineſs which I hope they will inherit, by having the good fortune to be born under the *Britiſh Conſtitution*.

A COUNTRY CURATE's ADVICE

TO

MANUFACTURERS,

Recommended to the ſerious Conſideration of every Workman in the various Manufacturing Towns of England and Scotland.

AS every one is intereſted in what is going on in this country, and as at one time I was a great ſtickler for Equality, I am willing to communicate to my Brother Mechanics the reaſons that have made me change my mind on that head; but as they will wonder how a journeyman can be ſo great a Scholar, I muſt tell them that I was bred up at a Charity School, and took ſuch a liking to learning, that before I was married, many a ſhilling of my hard earnings I laid out in buying

buying books: but when I married I found enough to do with my money. My wife, who is as kind-hearted a girl as any in the kingdom, I married for love, though ſhe brought me a good fortune too—ſhe had ſeven pounds of her own ſaving, and her Lady gave her ten pounds more. We have lived together four years, and, by the bleſſing of God, we have three fine children, and another a-coming. My earnings are a guinea a-week, and if I work hard, which I always do two or three weeks before Quarter-day, when we pay our rent, I then make ſix or ſeven-and-twenty ſhillings a week. Once a week I go to our Club, and drink my pint, and ſometimes my pot of porter, and there we meet Mr. Paine's friends. They told me my earnings (and I was very ready to believe them) was a poor proviſion for a hard-working man, a wife who is often ſickly, and three ſmall children. But, to be ſure, when my wife is ſick ſhe goes to the Diſpenſary, or if ſhe can't go out, the Doctor comes to her, and gives her phyſic, ſo that coſts us nothing. So, as I was ſaying, Mr. Paine's friends, for he has friends in our Club, and in a great many others, told us, It was the Rights of Man that all ſhould be equal; that no one ſhould be rich, and then no one would be poor; that if all the riches was divided equally amongſt every body, we ſhould be the happieſt people in the world; and that I, being a Scholar and an Honeſt Man, would make a much better Parliament Man that Mr. Burke or any other turn-coat amongſt them; and all that we had to do was to join the other Clubs, and chuſe Leaders, who would oblige the Parliament to give us redreſs, or they would ſerve them as the brave Frenchmen have ſerved the Deſpots and Ariſtocrats of France, cut off their heads, and carry them about upon pikes: "Is it not hard, ſay they, "that worthy hard-working men, ſuch as you, ſhould only have from One to Two Guineas a-week, and many have from 100l. to 500l. a-week, and nothing at all to do but to take their pleaſure? Moſt of us agreed it would be a fine thing to be all upon an Equality, and found, by the calculations of Mr. Paine's friends, that we ſhould at leaſt have Three Guineas, and nothing to do for it; that as all Taxes would be done away, our Three Guineas a-week would go as far as Ten, ſo that every body would be able to live like Gentlemen of 500l. a year.

I came home and told this to my wife, and was ſettling how well we ſhould live, and what fine things we ſhould do for our children; but ſhe ſtopped me by ſaying, "Dear William, if we are all to have Three Guineas a-week, who will plough the Land? Who will grind the Corn? As to baking the Bread,

thank

thank God, I can do that, as I learnt to bake when I was Dairy-Maid to my good Lady, who took me when my mother died, and I was then juſt turned of four, and kept me till I married you, when you came down to ſee your poor old father, who had his leg broke by the blind horſe he carried fiſh about on, and who muſt have died but for the kindneſs of my Lady and the Parſon, who ſent for the Doctor, and who fed him all the time he was ill, and who had him tended night and day.—Who will make the Children's Clothes? Who will make their Shoes?—I am afraid, William, there is ſome miſtake in all this. Do, my dear Man, conſult our Curate; he was brought up in the ſame pariſh with us; he was at ſchool with you, and always being a 'cute boy, his honor, my Lady's huſband, ſent him to the Varſity with young Maſter, and paid for his learning, and made a Parſon of him, which, God knows, is a bad buſineſs enough, for he muſt dreſs like Gentlefolks, and that on leſs than thirty ſhillings a-week."—By this you will ſee what ſort of a woman my wife is.

I took her advice, and told the Curate all that had paſſed in our Club. He ſaid he was grieved there was ſuch depravity in the world; that the people who told us theſe fine ſtories knew they were falſe; and that they only preached up the doctrine of Equality for their own private purpoſes. Some of them wiſhed a convulſion for the ſake of plunder—ſome in hopes of getting employment in caſe of a Revolution; and a great number of them were in the pay of France, who continues to this moment the rooted enemy of Old England; as witneſs their late readineſs to join Spain, whom they hate, and who hates them.

"But my good friend, ſays he (the Curate is not a proud man), you underſtood arithmetic when you was at ſchool; let us examine a little their arguments and calculations. They ſay there is to be perfect Equality, and no taxes; at leaſt the Taxes are to be very moderate, and only for the ſupport of a very œconomic Government; of courſe all the property in the Funds is done away at once, and there is no diviſion to be expected from that quarter. It is calculated there is twenty-four millions of gold and ſilver in circulation in this kingdom: if it was poſſible to get at all this money, and make an equal diviſion of it, it would be about three pounds to each individual, there being about eight millions of inhabitants in the iſland: but of this money many millions are in the hands of people like yourſelf; for inſtance, what money have you now in the houſe?" —when, to be ſure, we found we had two guineas, a half-guinea, and ſix ſhillings, beſides halfpence, and it was then Friday night,

and

and next day we ſhould get another guinea, and it was ſtill a month to quarter-day, and except our rent, we did not owe a farthing in the world. The Curate continued, "A great deal," ſays he, "muſt be in the hands of publicans and little ſhop-keepers, who can eaſily ſecrete it: what is in the hands of the rich will either be ſent abroad, or buried on the firſt beginning of a commotion. There then only remains the land and cattle to make a diviſion of.—There are, as I ſaid, eight millions of people, and there are by eſtimation, about twenty-five millions of acres in cultivation; if this is equally divided, it will be little more than three acres to each individual. We may reckon one cow or bullock to every ten acres. Now you, your wife, and three children, having each a little more than three acres, will make your ſhare amount to ſixteen acres, a cow and an half; and I will ſuppoſe that every two acres will ſupport a ſheep, ſo that you will have eight ſheep. But two months hence, when your wife is brought to-bed, there will be an inequality of which you will have a right to complain, eſpecially if your neighbour, who has four children, and an old father and mother, ſhould looſe two children and his parents, as he would then have about twenty ſix acres to ſupport four people; and you would have but ſixteen to ſupport ſix. But now that you have your land, your cow, and ſheep, and I will ſuppoſe your farm lies exactly where you wiſh it, that you have the four acres paſture where we played at cricket on holidays, that you have the beautiful field cloſe to it, though there would be many competitors for that, Old Turner always ſaying it was the beſt wheat land in the pariſh, and that you have likewiſe the Parſon's rood, which, by the bye, would go near to break the old man's heart, making together near ſixteen acres—how will you manage to plough the arable part of it, to ſow, to reap, to get in, to threſh?—The buſineſs will be quite new to you; nor will the quantity of land that falls to your lot, or indeed to the lot of any one family, entitle you to horſes for a team, ſo that moſt of theſe uſeful animals muſt be ſold to foreigners, for no Engliſhman will be able to buy them, or have wherewithal to keep them, excepting the farmers and their former labourers may join in getting a few, and by working in little communities may raiſe the neceſſaries of life ſufficient for themſelves: but as you can do nothing for them, they will be at no trouble in aſſiſting you; they will exiſt tolerably; but you, and all mechanics ſuch as you, who are employed, ſome in preparing equipages for the rich, and moſt in manufacturing for the uſe of the middling ranks of life, muſt, in the courſe of a few years, ſtarve. The Funds being done away and the Lands

divided

divided, there can be no rich people—of courſe no carriages—no fine manufactures from Mancheſter—no hardware from Sheffield or Birmingham—no fine broad cloths from Glouceſterſhire or Wiltſhire—no camlets, ſtuffs, or crapes, from Norwich; ſo that inſtead of earning your Guinea or Twenty-ſix ſhillings a-week, you would ſoon be reduced to part with your land (having eat your cow and ſheep) to your more ſkilful and more hardy neighbours the farmers and their former labourers, and for a mere ſubſiſtence become drudges to them. The people employed in farming bear a proportion of more than three to one employed in manufactures; they being in addition to this a hardier race, will keep what was the manufacturing part in ſubjection; ſo that you will be the great loſers by the Revolution, even ſuppoſing it ſhould take place. But are you aware of the difficulties and dangers attending it? This country is not like what France was: Here, let them ſay what they pleaſe, we have liberty; and the proof is, the incendiaries being allowed to have their meetings, and write what they do with impunity, when even in their favourite, their free country of France, if a man dared to ſpeak his ſentiments againſt the preſent Government, he would inſtantly be put to death. This country is different from France in the great number of people in the middle and lower claſſes who have property of their own, and who will be tenacious of that property: for inſtance, all the farmers in the kingdom; all the ſhop-keepers in the kingdom; and many—many are the people who have from 20 to 200l. in the Funds, who will not ſit tamely and ſee their property plundered. To theſe you may add a long liſt of ſervants, who, if their maſters are ruined, muſt go back to the claſs of day labourers. I have not taken into the account yet, and I thank God, the numbers will be found great amongſt thoſe who have no earthly goods to loſe—thoſe who have a conſcience, and who would do no evil to any man—thoſe who believe in a God that will reward the juſt and puniſh the wicked, and who will not loſe their ſouls eternally for a little preſent, and, as I have ſhewn, a very temporary gain. The moral certainty then is, that if a Revolution is attempted in this country, the good ſenſe of the people will quell it in the bud: but many lives may be loſt, and much miſery entailed on private families.—A huſband, becauſe he would not join the ruffians in plunging a dagger in the breaſt of a beneſactor, or roaſting an innocent child, might be brought home to his wife a mangled corpſe."

Here my poor wife ſcreamed out, and after a burſt of tears ſaid, God forbid, William, we ſhould wiſh for Equality at the expence of others; you, my dear, by your induſtry, can turn

your

But they'll find in the cauſe
Of King, Liberty, Laws,
We always are ſteady
And ready, boys—ready,
To defend our Old England, Huzza, boys, huzza!

IV.

No religion or laws the vile Jacobins own;
Their God they deny, and their King they dethrone;
To gain their own ends the poor people they cheat,
Then leave them to ſtarve, not a morſel to eat.
Then let us in the cauſe
Of King, Liberty, Laws,
Be ever moſt ſteady,
And ready, boys—ready,
To defend our old England, Huzza, boys, huzza!

V.

Their trade is all gone, there are none now to buy,
The rich are all baniſh'd, the poor left to die,
No corn in their markets, no coin in their ſtates,
No ſhips in their ports, and no faith in their gates.
But they'll find in the cauſe
Of King, Liberty, Laws,
We always are ſteady,
And ready, boys—ready,
To defend our Old England, Huzza, boys, huzza!

VI.

But look, ye bold Britons, around you, and ſee
The contraſt how great, ye are happy and free;
Here Peace ſpreads her olive, and Plenty her ſtore,
And Juſtice alike guards the rich and the poor.
Then ſhew in the cauſe
Of King, Liberty, Laws,
Ye always are ſteady,
And ready, boys—ready,
To defend our Old England, Huzza, boys, huzza!

VII.

Our commerce is great, manufactors well paid,
The world is our mart, ſo extenſive our trade;
All, all, have employment, the idle alone
Have cauſe of complaint, but the fault is their own.
But ſhew in the cauſe
Of King, Liberty, Laws,
We always are ſteady,
And ready, boys—ready,
To defend our Old England, Huzza, boys, huzza!

VIII.

Our Nobles for Liberty freely will bleed,
Since they planted her firſt, in the fam'd Runnymead;
Moſt ſacred our Gentry her boughs will ſuſtain,
From the blows of vile France, or their engine, Tom Paine.

Then

your guinea or more a-week when you like it, while your poor brother and my poor ſiſter have each large families to maintain in a country where firing is dear, and bread not cheap, and your brother and my brother-in-law find it hard to earn ſeven ſhillings a-week, and yet thank God, they are contented. 'Tis true, when they are ſick, the pariſh is good to them; but when we are all equal, they will do away the Poor's Rates; there will be no Hoſpitals to take in the poor when they are lamed; and no Diſpenſary to give us phyſic when we are ſick. Ah! William, let us be thankful and ſatisfied with ou ſituation; the Curate has ſhewn no Equality can benefit us.

I have taken her and the good Curate's advice—I will go no more to the Club, and I write this in hopes men in my ſtation will ſee when they are well off.

SONG.

To the Tune of—"*Hearts of Oak.*"

YE Britons, ſo brave, ſo bold and ſo free,
Come lend your attention, and liſten to me;
I'll ſhew you moſt clearly the plots that are laid,
To ſteal all your comforts, your bleſſings invade.
But to join in the cauſe
Of King, Liberty, Laws,
Ye always are ready,
And ſteady, boys—ſteady,
To defend our Old England, Huzza, boys, huzza!

II.

The French moſt perfidious, we ever have found,
Old England they hate, and would fain pull her down;
Our glory they envy, our happineſs too,
And would change our old gold, for their tinſel ſo new.
But we'll ſhew in the cauſe
Of King, Liberty, Laws,
We always are ſteady,
And ready, boys—ready,
To defend our Old England, Huzza, boys, huzza!

III.

Afraid that the Lion of England ſhould wake,
They try to ſteal that, they dare not try to take;
They pay wicked men, to ſeduce you with lies,
And to rob you ſecurely, throw duſt in your eyes.

But

Then firm in the cauſe,
Of King, Liberty, Laws,
Ye always are ſteady,
And ready, boys—ready,
To defend our Old England, Huzza, boys, huzza!

IX.

Our ſoldiers are loyal, brave, honeſt, and true,
Our ſailors unmatch'd, ſhould you ſearch the world through;
Our poor, when induſtrious, have plenty, and eaſe,
And Charity holds out her alms to diſeaſe.
Then firm in the cauſe
Of King, Liberty, Laws,
Ye always are ſteady,
And ready, boys—ready.
To defend our Old England, Huzza, boys, huzza!

X.

The King is our father, protector, and friend,
And firmly our rights, and his own, will defend:
Then our hearts and our voices uniting, we'll ſing,
And pray for long life, and long reign, to our King.
And ſtaunch in the cauſe
Of King, Liberty, Laws,
We'll ever be ſteady,
And ready, boys—ready,
To fight for Old England, Huzza, boys, huzza!